

THE
MEMOIRES
OF
Monsieur Du Vall:
CONTAINING THE
HISTORY
OF HIS
LIFE and DEATH

Whereunto are Annexed

His last Speech and Epitaph.

Si quis
Opprobiis dignos latraverit, integer ipse,
Solventur risu tabulae.

Horat.

8

LO N D O N,
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West-End of St. Pauls, 1670.





THE
LIFE and DEATH
O F
Claude Du Vall.

Claude Du Vall was born *Anno 1643.* at *Domfront* in *Normandy*, a place very Famous for the Excellency and Healthfulness of the Air, and for the Production of *Mercurial Wits*: at the time of his Birth (as we have since found by Rectification of his Nativity by Accidents) there was a Conjunction of *Venus* and *Mercury*, certain Presages of very good Fortune, but of a short Continuance. His Father was *Pierre Du Vall* a Miller, his Mother *Marguerite de la Roche* a Tailors Daughter. I hear no hurt of his Parents, they lived in as much Reputation and Honesty, as their Conditions and Occupations would permit.

There are some that confidently aver he was born in *Smock-Ally* without *Bishopsgate*; that his Father was a Cook, and sold boil'd Beef and Pottage: But this report is as false as it is defamatory and malicious; and 'tis easie

to disprove it several ways: I will only urge one Demonstrative Argument against it. If he had been born there he had been no *Frenchman*, but if he had not been a *Frenchman*, 'tis absolutely impossible he should have been so much beloved in his Life, and lamented at his Death by the *English* Ladies.

His Father and Mother had not been long married, when *Marguerite* long'd for Pudding and Mince-Pie, which the good Man was fain to beg for her at an *English* Merchants in *Rouen*: which was a certain sign of his inclination to *England*. They were very merry at his Christning, and his Father without any grumbling paid also then the Fees for his Burial, which is an extraordinary Custom at *Domfront*, not exercis'd any where else in all *France*, and of which I count my self obliged to give the Reader a particular Account.

In the days of *Charles* the ninth of that name, the Curate of *Domfront* (for so the *French* name him whom we call Parson and Vicar) out of his own head began a strange Innovation and Oppression in that Parish; that is, he absolutely denied to baptize any of their Children, if they would not at the same time pay him also the Funeral Fees; and, what was worse, he would give them no reason for this alteration, but only promised to enter Bond for himself and his Successors, that hereafter all persons paying so at their Christning, should be buried *gratis*: What think ye the poor people did in this case? they did not pull his *Surplice* over his *Ears*, nor tear his *Mass-Book*, nor throw *Crickets* at his head; no, they humbly desired him to alter his Resolution, and amicably reasoned it with him; but he being a capricious fellow gave them no other answer, but, What I have done, I have done: take your Remedy where you can find it, 'tis not for men of

my Coat to give an Account of my Actions to the *Laitij.* Which was a surly and quarrelsome Answer, and unbecoming a Priest. Yet this did not provoke his Parishioners to speak one ill word against his Person or Function, or to do any illegal Act. They only took the regular way of complaining of him to his Ordinary, the Archbishop of *Rouen.* Upon Summons he appears, the Archbishop takes him up roundly, tells him he deserves deprivation, if that can be proved which is objected against him, and asks him, What he has to say for himself? After his due reverence, he answers, that he acknowledges the Fact, to save the time of examining Witnesses, but desires his Grace to hear his Reasons, and then do unto him as he shall see cause. I have been, saies he, Curate of this Parish these seven years, in that time I have one year with another baptized a hundred Children, and buried not one. At first I rejoiced at my good Fortune to be placed in so good an air: But looking into the Register Book I found for a hundred years back near the same Number yearly baptiz'd, and not one above five year old buried. And, which did more amaze me, I find the number of the Communicants to be no greater now than they were then: this seem'd to me a great mystery, but upon further inquiry I found out the true cause of it, for all that are born at *Domfront* were hanged at *Rouen.* I did this to keep my Parishioners from hanging, encouraging them to die at home, the burial duties being already paid.

The Archbishop demanded of the Parishioners, Whether this was true or not? they answered, that too many of them came to that unlucky end at *Rouen.* Well then, said he, I approve of what the Curate has done, and will cause my Secretary in *perpetuum Rei Memoriam* to make an Act of

it ; which **A&t** the Curate carried home with him, and the Parish cheerfully submitted to it, and have found much good by it ; for within less than twenty years there died fifteen of natural Deaths, and now there die three or four yearly.

But to return to *Du Vall*, 'twill not I hope be expected that I should in a true History, play the Romancer, and describe all his Actions from his Cradle to his Saddle, telling what childish Sports he was best at, and who were his play-fellows ; that were enough to make the Truth of the whole Narration suspected, only one important Accident I ought not to omit.

An old Frier, counted very expert in Physiognomy and Judicial Astrology, came on a time to see *Pierre du Vall* and his Wife, who had then by extraordinary good Fortune some *Norman* Wine, that is, Cider in their house, of which they were very liberal to this old Frier, whom they made heartily welcome, thinking nothing too good for him.

For those silly people, who know no better, count it a great honour and favour, when any Religious Person, as a Priest or Frier are pleas'd to give them a visit, and to eat and drink with them. As these three were sitting by the fire, and chirping over their Cups, in comes *Claude*, and broke the Friers Draught, who fix'd his eyes attentively upon him, without speaking one word for the space of half an hour, to the amazement of *Claude's* Parents, who seeing the Frier neither speak nor drink, imagined he was sick, and courteously askt him, Brother, what ails you ? are you not well ? why do you so look upon our Son ? The Frier having rous'd himself out of his Ecstasie, Is that Stripling, saies he, your Son ? to which after they had replied, Yes : Come hither Boy, quoth he,

he, and looking upon his head, he perceived he had two Crowns, a certain sign that he should be a Traveller II This Child, saies he, will be a Traveller, and he sha-never during his life, be long without money ; and where-ever he goes, he will be in extraordinary favour with VVo men of the highest Condition. Now from this Story, the certainty of Physiognomy and Judicial Astrology is evidently proved , so that from henceforward, whoever shall presume to deny it, ought not to be esteemed a person in his right Wits.

Pierre and Marguerite look'd upon the Frier as an Oracle, and mightily rejoiced at their Sons Fortune ; but it could not enter into their imagination, how this should come to pass, having nothing to leave him as a Foundation to build so great a Structure upon.

The Boy grew up, and spoke the Language of the Country fluently, which is, *Lawyers French* ; and which (if I should not offend the Ladies in comparing our Language with theirs) is as much inferiour to that at *Paris*, as *Devonshire* or *Somersetshire English* to that spoken at *white-hall*.

I speak not this to disgrace him, for could he have spoke never so good *French*, it is not in such high esteem there as it is here ; and it very rarely happens that, upon that account alone, any great mans Daughter runs away with a Lacquey.

When he was about thirteen or fourteen years old, his Friends muster'd their forces together to set him up in the World, they bought him shoos and stockins, for (according to the laudable Custom of that Country of inuring their Youth to hardship) till then he had never worn any ; they also bought him a Suit of the Brokers, gave him their Blessing, and twenty *Sous* in his Pocket, and threw an old

old shoo after him, and bid him go seek his fortune : This throwing of an old shoo after him was looked upon as a great piece of *Prodigality* in *Normandy*, where they are to considerable a *Merchandise* ; the Citizens Wives of the best Quality wearing old shoos chalked ; whence, I suppose, our Custom of wearing white shoos derives its Original.

His Friends advised him to go to *Paris*, assuring him he would not fail of a Condition there if any could be had in the *World* ; for so the *French* call *Paris*. He goes to *Rouen*, and fortinately meets with Post-horses which were to be returned, one of which he was proffer'd to ride *gratis*, only upon promise to help to dress them at night : And, which was yet more fortunate, he meets several young *English* Gentlemen with their Gouvernours going to *Paris*, to learn their Exercises to fit them to go a woing at their return home, who were infinitely ambitious of his Company, not doubting but in thole two daies travels, they should pump many considerable things out of him, both as to the *Language* and *Customs* of *France*; and upon that account they did very willingly defray his Charges.

They arrive at *Paris*, and light in the *Fauxbourg St. Germain*, the Quarter wherein generally the *English* lodge, near whom also our *Dⁿ Vall* did earnestly desire to plant himself. Not long after by the intercession of some of the *English* Gentlemen (for in this time he had indear'd himself to them) he was admitted to run on errants, and do the meanest Offices at the *St. Esprit* in the *Rue de Boucherie*: A house in those daies betwixt a Tavern, and an Ale-house, a Cooks-shop and a Bawdy-house ; and upon some of those accounts much frequented by the *English* his Patrons. In this condition he lived

unblamably during some time, unless you esteem it a fault to be scabby, and a little given to *fleching*, qualities very frequent in persons of his Nation and condition.

The Restauration of his Majesty, which was in 1660, brought multitudes of all Nations into *England*, to be spectators of our *Fubilee*; but more particularly it drew'd *Paris* of all the English there, as being most concern'd in so great a happiness: One of them, a person of Quality, entertained *Da Vall* as his Servant, and brought him over with him.

What fortunes he ran through afterwards, is known to every one, and how good a proficient he was in the laudable qualities of *Gaming* and *making Love*. But one Vice he had which I cannot pardon him, because 'tis not of the *French* growth, but *Northern* and ungenteel, I mean, that of drinking; for that very night he was surpriz'd, he was overtaken.

By these Courses (for I dare not call them Vices) he soon fell into want of Money to maintain his Port; That, and his Stars, but chiefly his own Valour, inclined him to take the Generous way of *Padding*; in which he quickly became so famous, that in a Proclamation, for the taking several notorious Highway-men, he had the *bontur* to be named first.

This is the place where I should set down several of his Exploits, but I omit them, both as being well known, and because I cannot find in them more ingenuity than was practiz'd before by *Hind* and *Hannum*, and several other *meer English* Thieves.

Yet, to do him right, one Story there is that favours of Gallantry, and I should not be an honest Historian if I should conceal it.

He, with his Squadron, overtakes a Coach which they had set over night, having intelligence of a booty of Four Hundred Pounds in it: In the Coach was a *Knight*, his *Lady*, and only one *serving Maid*, who perceiving five Horsemen making up to them, presently imagin'd that they were beset, and they were confirmed in this apprehension, by seeing them whisper to one another, and ride backwards and forwards: The Lady, to shew she was not afraid, takes a Flageolet out of her pocket and plays; *Du Vall* takes the hint, plays also, and excellently well; upon a Flageolet of his own, and in this posture he rides up to the Coach side. Sir, sayes he, to the person in the Coach, your Lady playes excellently, and I doubt not but that she Dances as well; will you please to walk out of the Coach, and let me have the honour to Dance one Corant with her upon the Heath? Sir, said the person in the Coach, I dare not deny any thing to one of your Quality and good *Mine*; you seem a Gentleman, and your request is very reasonable: Which said, the Lacquey opens the Boot, out comes the Knight, *Du Vall* leaps lightly off his Horse, and hands the Lady out of the Coach. They Danc'd, and here it was that *Du Vall* performed marvels; the best Master in *London*, except those that are *French* not being able to shew such *foosing* as he did in his great, riding *French* Boots. The Dancing being over, he waits on the Lady to her Coach; as the Knight was going in, sayes *Du Vall* to him, Sir, You have forgot to pay the Musick: No, I have not, replies the Knight, and putting his hand under the seat of the Coach, puls out a Hundred pounds in a bag, and delivers it to him: Which *Du Vall* took with a very good grace, and courteously answered, Sir, You are liberal, and shall have no cause to repent your being so; this liberality of yours shall excuse you the other

other Three Hundred Pounds ; and giving him the word, that, if he met with any more of the Crew, he might pass undisturb'd, he civilly takes his leave of him.

This Story, I confess, justifies the great kindness the Ladies had for *Du Vall* ; for in this, as in an Epitome, are contain'd all things that set off a man advantageously, and make him appear, as the phrase is, *much a Gentleman*. First, here was *Valour*, that he and but four more durst assault a *Knight*, a *Lady*, a *Waiting Gentlewoman*, a *Lacquey*, a *Groom* that rid by to open the *Gates*, and the *Coach-man*, they being *Six to Five, odds at Foot-ball* ; and besides *Du Vall* had much the worse cause, and reason to believe, that whoever should arrive, would range themselves on the Enemies party. Then he shewed his *Invention* and *Sagacity* that he could *sur le Champ*, and without studying, make that advantage of the Ladies playing on the *Flageolet*. He evidenced his *Skill in Instrumental Musick*, by p'aying on his *Flageolet* ; in *Vocal* by his Singing ; for, (as I should have told you before) there being no Violins, *Du Vall* sung the *Corant* himself. He manifested his *Agility of Body*, by lightly dismounting off his Horse, and with ease and freedom getting up again, when he took his leave, his *excell't Deportment* by his incomparable Dancing, and his graceful manner of taking the Hundred Pound ; his *Generosity* in taking no more, his *Wit* and *Eloquence*, and readiness at *Reparties*, in the whole Discourse with the Knight and Lady, the greatest part of which I have been forced to omit.

And here (could I dispense with truth and impartiality, necessary Ingredients of a good History) I could come off with flying Colours, leave *Du Vall* in the Ladies *Bosomes*, and not put my self out of a

possibility of ever being in favour with any of them.

But I must tell the story of the *Sucking-Bottle*; which, if it seem to his disadvantage, set that other against it which I come from relating. The adventure of the *Sucking-Bottle* was as follows.

It happened another time, as *Du Vall* was upon his *Vocation of Robbing*, on *Black-Heath*, he meets with a Coach richly fraught with Ladies of Quality, and with one Child who had a Silver *Sucking-Bottle*; He robs them rudely, takes away their Money, Watches, Rings, and even the little Childs *Sucking-Bottle*: Nor would, upon the Childs tears, nor the Ladies earnest intercession, be wrought upon to restore it; till at last one of his Companions (whose Name I wish I could put down here, that he may find friends when he shall stand in need of them) a good natured person (for the French are strangers both to the name and thing) forced him to deliver it. I shall make no reflexions upon this story, both because I do not design to render him odious, or make this Pamphlet more prolix.

The noise of the Proclamation, and the Rewards promised to those who should take any therein named, made *Du Vall* retire to *France*. At *Paris* he lives highly, makes great boastings of the success of his Arms and Amours in *England*, proudly bragging, He could never encounter with any of either Sex that could resist him. He had not been long in *France*, but he had a fit of his old disease, Want of Money, which he found to be much augmented by the thin air of *France*; and therefore by the advice of his Physicians, lest the disease should seize upon his *Vitals*, and make him lie by it, he resolves to transport himself into *England*; which accordingly he did: For, in truth, the air of *France* is not good for persons of his *constitution*,

constitution, it being the custom there to Travel in great Companies well Armed, and with little Money; the danger of being resisted, and the danger of being Taken is much greater there; and the *Quarry* much lesser than in *England*; For if by chance a Dapper Fellow with fine *black Eyes*, and a *white Peruick*, be taken there, and found guilty of Robbing, all the Women in the Town don't presently take the Alarm, and run to the King to beg his life.

To *England* he comes, but alas! his Reign proves but short; for, within few months after his return, before he had done any thing of great glory, or advantage to himself, he fell into the Hands of Justice, being taken Drunk at the Hole in the Wall in *Chandois-streets*: And well it was for the *Baily*, and his men, that he was Drunk, otherwise they had tasted of his prowefs; for he had in his pocket three Pistols, one whereof would shoot twice, and by his side an excellent Sword, which managed by such a hand and heart, must without doubt have done wonders. Nay, I have heard it attested by those that knew how good a Marks-man he was, and his excellent way of Fencing, that had he been Sober 'twas impossible he could have kill'd less than ten. They farther add, upon their own knowledge, he would have been cut as small as herbs for the Pot, before he would have yielded to the *Baily* of *Westminster*; that is to say, he would have died in the place, had not some Great person been fear to him to whom he might with Honour have delivered his *Sword* and *himself*. But taken he was, and that too a *bon Marche*, without the expense of blood or Treasure, committed to *Newgate*, Arraigned, Convicted, Condemned, and on Friday Jan. 21. Executed at *Tiburn* in the 27th. year of his Age, (which number is

made up of three times nine) and left behind him a sad instance of the irresistible influence of the Stars, and the fatality of Climacterical years.

There were a great Company of Ladies, and those not of the meanest Degree, that visited him in Prison, interceded for his Pardon, and accompanied him to the Gallows; a Catalogue of whose Names I have by me, nay, even of those who when they visited him, durst not pull off their Vizours for fear of shewing their Eyes swoln, and their Cheeks blubber'd with Tears.

When I first put Pen to Paper, I was in great indignation, and fully resolved, nay, and I think I swore, that I would Print this Muster-roll. But upon second Thoughts, and calmer Considerations, I have alter'd my fierce Resolution, partly, because I would not do my Nation so great a Disgrace, and especially that part of it, to which I am so intirely devoted. But principally because I hoped milder Physick might cure them of this *French Disease*, of this inordinate *Appetite to Mushromes*, of this degenerous *Doting upon Strangers*.

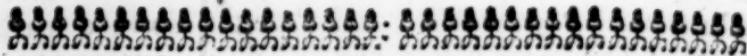
After he had hang'd a convenient time, he was cut down, and by Persons well dress'd, carried into a Mourning Coach, and so conveyed to the *Tangier Tavern* in St. Giles's, where he lay in State all that Night, the Room hung with black Cloth, the Hearse cover'd with Scutcheons, eight Wax-Tapers burning, as many tall Gentlemen with long black Clokes attending; *Mum* was the word, great silence expected from all that visited, for fear of disturbing this sleeping *Lion*: And this Ceremony had lasted much longer, had not one of the Judges (whose Name I must not mention here lest he

he should incur the displeasure of the Ladies) sent to disturb this *Pageantry*. But I dare set down a mark, whereby you may guess at him; 'Tis one betwixt whom and the Highway-men there's little love lost, one who thought the *Filon* lay in *State* enough in not being buried under the *Gallows*.

This story of lying in *State* seem'd to me so improbable, and such an audacious *mocquerie* of the Laws, that, till I had it again and again from several Gentlemen who had the curiosity to see him, I durst not put it down here for fear of being accounted a *notorious Lyer*.

The night was stormy and rainy, as if the Heavens had sympathiz'd with the Ladies, and echoed again their *Sighs*, and wept over again their *Tears*.

As they were undressing him, in order to his lying in *State*, one of his Friends put his hands in his pocket, and found therein the Speech which he intended to have made, written with a very fair hand; a Copy whereof (though I have with much cost and industry procured) I do freely make it publick, because I would not have anything wanting in this Narration.



DU VALL's

S P E E C H.

I Should be very ungrateful (which amongst Persons of Honour, is a greater Crime than that for which I die) should I not acknowledge my Obligation to you, fair *English* Ladies. I could not have hoped that a Person of my *Nature*, *Birth*, *Education*, and *Condition*, could have had so many and powerful *Charms*, to *capture* you all, and to tie you so firmly to my interest; that you have not abandon'd me in *distress* or in *prison*, that you have accompanied me to this place of *Death*, of *Ignominious Death*.

From the Experience of your true *Loves* I speak it; nay I know I speak *your Hearts*, you could be content to die with *me now*, and even *here*, could you be assured of enjoying your beloved *Du Vall* in the other world.

How *m'ghtily* and how *generously* have you rewarded my *little Services*? Shall I ever forget that *universal Consternation* amongst you when I was taken, your *frequent*, your *chargeable Visits* to me at *Newgate*, your *Shreeks*, your *Swoonings* when I was *Condemned*, your *zealous Intercession* and *Importunity* for my *Pardon*?

You could not have erected fairer Pillars of Honour and respect to me, had I been a *Hercules*, and could have got *fifty Sons* in a Night.

It has been the Misfortune of several *English* Gentlemen, in the times of the late Usurpation, to die at this place upon the Honourablest Occasion that ever presented itself, the indeavouring to restore their *Exil'd Sovereign*: Gentlemen indeed, who had ventured their *Lives*, and lost their *Estates* in the Service of their Prince ; but they all died *unlamented* and *uninterceded* for, because they were *English*. How much greater therefore is my Obligation, whom you love better than your own *Country-men*, better than your own *dear Husbands*? Nevertheless, Ladies, it does not grieve me, that your Intercession for my life prov'd ineffectual ; For now I shall die with *little pain*, a *healthful body*, and I hope a *prepared mind*. For my Confessor has shewed me the Evil of my way, and wrought in me a true Repentance; witness these *tears*, these *unfeigned tears*. Had you prevail'd for my life, I must in gratitude have devoted it wholly to you, which yet would have been but short ; for, had you been sound, I should have soon di'd of a *Consumption*; if otherwise, of the *P O X*.

He was buried with many *Flambeaux*, and a numerous train of Mourners, most whereof were of the Beautiful Sex : He lies in the middle Isle in *Covens-Garden Church* under a plain white marble stone, whereon are curiously engrav'd the *Du Vall's Arms*, and under them written in black this Epitaph.

D U V A L L's



DU VALL's EPITAPH.

Here lies Du Vall: Reader, if Male thou art,
 Look to thy Purse; if Female, so thy Heart.
 Much bavock has be made of both: For all
 Men he made stand, and Women he made fall.
 The second Congnerour of she Norman Race,
 Knights to his Arms did yield, and Ladies to his Face:
 Old Tiburn's Glory, England's Illustrious Thief,
 Du Vall the Ladies Joy, Du Vall the Ladies Grief.

THE



The AUTHORS A POLOGY WHY HE Conceals his NAME.

Some there are without doubt, that will look upon this harmless Pamphlet as a Libel, and invective Satyre ; because the Author has not put his Name to it. But the Book-sellers Printing his true Name, and place of abode, wipes off that Objection.

But, if any Person be yet so curious as to enquire after me, I can assure him I have conjured the Stationer not to declare my Name so much as to his own Wife : not that I am ashamed of the Design, no, I glory in it ; nor much of the manner of Writing ; for I have seen Books with the Authors Names to them not much better written ; neither do I fear I should be *proud* if the Book takes, and *crest-falln* if it should not ; I am not a Person of such a tender Constitution. *Valeat res iudicra, si me Palma negata macrum, donata reducas opimum.* But upon other pressing and important Reasons. Though I am resolved not to be known, yet I intend to give you

C 2 some

some account of my self, enough to exempt me from being so pitiful and inconsiderable a fellow, as possibly some *incensed Females* may endeavour to represent me.

I was bred a Scholar, but let none reproach me with it, for I have no more Learning left than what may become a well-bred Gentleman. I have had the opportunity (if not the advantage) of seeing all *France* and *Italy* very particularly, *Germany* and the *Spanish Netherlands en passant*. I have walkt a Corant in the hands of *Monsieur Provost*, the French Kings Dancing Master, and several times *pulst* at the *Plastron* of *Monsieur Filboy le vieux*. Now I hope these qualities, joyn'd with a white *Pernuke*, are sufficient to place any person *hors de la portee*, out of the reach of Contempt.

At my return from *France*, I was advised by my Friends to settle my self in the world, that is, to Marry; when I went first amongst the Ladies upon that account, I found them very *obliging*, and as I thought *coming*. I wondred mightily what might be the reason could make me so acceptable, but I afterwards found 'twas the *scent* of *France* which was then *strong* upon me; for according as that *perfume* decayed, my Mistresses grew *colder* and *colder*.

But that which precipitated me into ruine, was this following Accident: Being once in the Company of some Ladies, amongst other discourses we fell upon the comparison betwixt the *French* and *English* Nation: And here it was that I very imptudently maintained even against my own Mistress, *That a French Lacquey was not so good as an English Gentleman*. The Scene was immediately chang'd, they all lookt upon me with anger and

and disdain ; they said I was unworthy of that little breeding I had acquired , of that small parcel of wit (for they would not have me esteemed a meer Fool, because I had been so often in their Company) which nature had bestowed upon me , since I made so ill use of it as to maintain such *Paradoxes*. My Mistres for ever forbids me the House, and the next day sends me my Letters, and demands her own , bidding me pick up a Wife at the *Plow-tail*, for 'twas impossible any woman well-bred would ever cast her eies upon me.

I thought this Disgrace would have brought me to my grave, it impaired my health, robb'd me of my good humour. I retired from all Company as well of Men, as of Women, and have liv'd a Solitary melancholy life , and continued a Batchelour to this day.

I repented heartily, that at my return from my Travels, I did not put my self into a *Livery*; and in that Habit go and seek Entertainment at some great mans house ; for 'twas impossible but good must have arrived to me from so doing. 'Twas *a la mode* to have French Servants , and no person of Quality but esteemed it a disgrace, if he had not two or three of that Nation in his Retinue : so that I had no reason to fear but that I should soon find a *Condition*.

After I had insinuated my self into one of these houses, I had just reason to expect (if I could have concealed my self from being an English man) that some young Lady with a great Portion, should run away with me , and then I had been made for ever. But if I had follow-ed bad Courses , and Robb'd upon the high way, as the Subject of this History did , I might have expected the same *civilities* in *Prison*, the same *intercessions* for my

Life ; and if those had not prevail'd, the same glorious Death, lying in State in Tangier Tavern, and being embalm'd in the Ladies Tears, And who is there worthy the Name of Man, that would not prefer such a Death, before a mean, solitary and inglorious Life.

I design but two things in the writing this Book, one is that the next French-man that is hang'd, may not cause an uproar in this Imperial City, which I doubt not but I have effected.

The other is much a harder Task, to set my Country-men on even terms with the French, as to the English Ladies Affections : If I should bring this about, I should esteem my self to have contributed much to the good of this Kingdom.

One Remedy there is, which possibly may conduce something towards it.

I have heard that there is a new Invention of Transfusing the Bloud of one Animal into another , and that it has been experimented by putting the bloud of a Sheep into an English man. I am against that way of Experiments, for should we make all English men Sheep, we should soon be a Prey to the Louvre.

I think I can propose the making that Experiment a more advantageous way. I would have all Gentlemen, who have been a full year, or more out of France, be let bloud weekly, or oftner if they can bear it ; mark how much they bleed, transfuse so much French Lacqueys bloud into them, replenish these last out of the English Footmen , for 'tis no matter what becomes of them. Repeat this Operation toies quies, and in proces of time you'l find this Event: Either the English Gentlemen will be as much belov'd as the French Lacqueys, or the French

French Lacqueys as little esteemed as the *English Gentle-men.*

But to conclude my Apology, I have certainly great reason to conceal my Name ; for if I suffer'd so severely for only speaking one word in a private Company, what Punishment will be great enough for a *relaps'd Heretick*, publishing a Book to the same purpose ? I must certainly do as that *Irish Gentleman*, that let a *scape* in the presence of his Mistress, run my Country, shave my head, and bury my self alive in a Monastery, if there be any charitable enough to harbour a person guilty of such heinous *Crimes.*

F I N I S.
